

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE WOE OF THE KANSAS CROP SITUATION.

It is estimated that the hay crop of Kansas for this year will be double the value of the oat crop, that the wheat crop will be double that of the hay crop, and that the corn crop will be double that of the wheat crop. All that is wanting is some expert statistician to estimate the value of the oat crop. The value of the oat crop once determined, digits sufficient can be found in almost any old arithmetic to figure out the aggregate amount of money that will be realized from the sale of these four Kansas products for the year 1903. The guess of the state board of agriculture is that somewhere between six and seventy millions of dollars will be banked to the credit of the wheat, or say, \$60 per capita on wheat alone. In some counties, in both the eastern and the central belts, the corn crop will be a bumper. So far the hot winds have not taken the hinks out of the tails of the pigs nor the early grasshopper noticeably affected the beef steer contingent. With poultry secure from late frosts and fruit undamaged by cyclones, both the Irish and sweet potato crops seem reasonably secure from lightning. The Kaw valley reports excessive precipitation, but that section is understood to be subject to water panics. The car famine is still more or less prevalent in the Arkansas valley, but the farmers of this arid region have about concluded that they can find sufficient out-of-doors in which to store such of their surpluses as the railroads will be unable to handle.

WM. VAN BENTHUYSEN A KANSAN.

The death of Will Van Benthuyesen brought out a good many comments on his rapid rise in newspaper work. The following is from Congressman Charles F. Scott:

"Probably you never heard of Wm. Van Benthuyesen until he died the other day. At the time of his death he was editor of the New York World at a salary of \$25,000 a year."

"Wm. Van Benthuyesen began his newspaper career in Kansas. He was formerly employed on the Leavenworth Times. He started in at the bottom of the ladder, and climbed up round by round until he became one of the foremost newspaper men of the country. Yet you never heard of him until he died, and the newspapers commenced printing editorials telling of his ability and genius and the story of his rise in his profession. He was little known outside of his profession, and yet a man who could have measured up to him in any other calling would have acquired a national reputation and would have been known from one end of the country to the other. This is the difference between the newspaper business and any other business."

"Van Benthuyesen's rise was rapid, and when he died he was comparatively a young man. He went from the Leavenworth Times to the Chicago Tribune, where he was paid \$10,000 a year, and from the Chicago Tribune to a place that paid \$25,000 a year on the New York World. From within the space of a few years reads like a romance, yet there is no romance about it. It probably meant the hardest kind of work a man ever did, and doubtless cost many years of the end of his life. His most prominent characteristic was his capacity for hard work, and plenty of it. Burning the candle at both ends, keyed up to the highest pitch from one year's end to another, with never a moment of real rest or freedom from anxiety—these are the veriest commonplace in the modern metropolitan newspaper game."

"And yet you never heard of a man quitting newspaper work to go into something else. For in spite of all arguments that may be urged against it, it is the very best business in the world."

HAVE COME TO THEIR SENSES.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger who knows Wall Street as he knows a book, notes that while evidence of the general prosperity of the country are still plentiful in the American metropolis it is also quite palpable that less money is now being expended for luxuries and that there is less useless extravagance than in many months. The course taken by the stock market is undoubtedly the principal cause of this unusual economy. Last summer and well into the fall the so-called "western crowd," aided by not a few easterners, were engaged in a reckless booming of the security market. Their plunging was not confined to Wall Street. Large gambling houses were flourishing. Hotels, restaurants, florists, jewelers and wine houses were receiving an immense patronage. Everywhere the wealthy speculators were making their money flow. Brokers were making great sums from commissions and from their own operations in the market. And as is their wont in such times, they were spending money like water. But it is a different story now. For nine or ten months stocks have been declining. The "western crowd" no longer gives orders for elaborate dinners. The wealth of the holders of securities, as estimated by the stock tape, has decreased over a billion dollars, and they feel that they must reduce expenditures. Many large jewelers are holding orders in abeyance until the hoped-for return in the market should come, while all complain that little money, comparatively, is being spent for costly trinkets. Conservatism in expenditures seems to be the order of the day, even among the wealthy, while absolute economy is being practiced by many erstwhile high fliers.

WHY CUBA HATES ITS LIBERATORS.

Cuba is looking about for a place to sell \$30,000,000 in bonds. American capitalists are anxious to take them, but Cuba rather fears mortgaging herself in what may be termed "the enemy's country." It is a pity that the small-skulled politicians at Washington defeated Cuban reciprocity and sowed the seeds of a reasonable distrust in Cuba—Wichita Eagle.

To which Charles F. Scott, congressman-at-large, in his late Register replies. Mr. Scott says:

"If there has ever been a time since the United States went to war for Cuba that she hasn't distrusted and hated us, the esteemed Eagle would be conferring a real favor by contributing such item of information. It is a pity, of course, that Cuban reciprocity was deferred, but the delay in the enactment of a reciprocity measure has had little to do with sowing the seeds of distrust and hatred which have grown and flourished with such luxuriant abundance in the island republic. Cuba is suspicious of us because she is a little nation and we are a big one, and because she is afraid that some day she will be swallowed up by us, and lose the absolute independence for which she has been fighting for so many centuries. At any rate certain Cuban agitators take this view of it, and they manage to keep the anti-American sentiment in the island working most of the time. Cuba does not understand us. All the big powers look alike to her—that is to say, she ascribes to all of them the motives which actuated Spain during her domination of the 'Pearl of the Antilles.' We were not understood when we went to war for her. Cuba could not comprehend how a big, strong nation could go to war for humanity's sake. And for the matter of that the world

could not understand it. It will take a long time for Cuba to understand the lesson which Spain has taught her. Meanwhile we can only be patient, as we would be considerate with a child who cannot understand, and help Cuba to educate herself up to a point where she can appreciate that there is at least one nation which is able to rise above the promptings of selfishness and greed and fight the battles of the weak for the sheer joy that comes with doing a great and a good thing."

CRAWFORD'S LIFE OF THE POPE.

It has been known for some time that Mr. Marion Crawford had in preparation a biography of the late pope, but till now there has been no definite information on the subject. It appears now, however, that the pope charged Conte Soderini in 1887 that the "life of him which should be set forth as the official and intimate one should be a history, not a panegyric. At that time the pope gave him numerous documents hitherto kept secret, and dictated much personal matter; but he left Soderini free to use his own judgment about the biography. It now appears that Mr. Crawford has written nearly all of his biography of the pope, with the collaboration of the Conte Soderini, and with the use of all the documents which the pope gave the latter for the purpose. The English and American editions of the book will appear early next year simultaneously with the editions in continental tongues. It is understood that his holiness read and approved the early portions of the biography, and that he approved the general plan of the remainder.

A JOHNNY BULL CHARACTERISTIC.

Everything conceivable may be sold at auction in London. Among the curious chattels put up to auction in the last few years were a cargo of mummified cats, offered as fertilizers, an estate in Iceland, a million acres in British Honduras, fresh-fleshed pews in Worthing church, floating baths in the Thames, the sub-soil of a portion of the city road, a church at Sydenham, a Spanish railway which realized \$25,000, a menagerie of wild animals, the whole of the river Ouse navigation, with the right to levy tolls under the statute, and an island in the Lipari group off Sicily, with a real live volcano among its attractions. The highest bid ever made at an auction was the sum of £300,000, offered by Mr. Lister (now Lord Masham) for Swinton Park.

FAVORS TAXING BACHELORS.

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University came out flatfooted at the meeting of the National Educational association in Boston, in favor of the taxation of bachelors. "Statistics show," said he, "that marriage is undertaken later in life than formerly, and late marriage is one of the things which tend to the decay of civilization. When the normal man reaches forty and is still unmarried, I am convinced that something is wrong, that the man has neglected a duty and should be classified with those who will not fight for their country in time of war or who will not pay their taxes."

SUCCEEDED THROUGH ADVERTISING.

A London advertising agent mentions forty companies which have succeeded in gaining a large English trade for their products through newspaper advertising, and a dozen which failed although they used salesmen and circulars. The products of the successful companies are of great variety, from lead pencils, corsets, graphophones, typewriters, etc., to proprietary medicines. The agent thinks the companies which failed expended nearly as much money for publicity as did the others, but did not use it judiciously.

Down at Winfield a justice fined a jointist \$750 with 630 days in jail. That's nothing. Talk about the danger of handling dynamite. Convicted of dishing out beer, a Wichita boy was once fined twenty-five thousand dollars and sentenced to twenty-seven years in jail. The estimated cost of his keep to the taxpayers for the full time was about \$5,000 additional.

It is announced that Governor Bailey may pardon the much shamed against little Jessie Morrison. If he does El Dorado will have a conniption fit and scratch him at the next election. The people of El Dorado rather lean toward the long, lank cigarette galoot because of whom the scorned girl committed an awful crime.

Tsi An has had a lot more editors arrested for alleged lese majeste or something of that kind, and the friends of the doomed pig-tails are appealing to Washington for intervention. Old An has her dander up and the Bow Wongs will have to take the decapitation for the other Celestial kingdom.

Partly in response to the dire wail of Democrats the tariff was taken off coal about a year ago and the Democratic prophecy of cheaper coal is cheaper than a joke, for coal has been going up ever since and is still headed upward.

The Eagle two weeks ago said that the corn crop would have to be saved at least four times more, it has been saved twice since that, with dark clouds for the third saving hanging over the northwest.

The government disposed of a part of Oklahoma to settlers by lottery. Some Kansas City fellows who were disposing of some townships by the same method have been held up by the government.

The postoffice department has figured it out that under the appropriation by the last congress Kansas can have only 250 new rural routes for the year. Applications for 500 are on file.

Machen, of the postoffice department, is a bright man, was a very capable official, and stood socially number "one," but it now looks as if he were destined to land in the penitentiary.

Whenever a ruler or head of a nation is found harping about disarmament and universal peace, look out for a rash order for a half-dozen new battleships.

This is an advertising era par excellence. Bankers acknowledge that attractive advertisements of their institutions increase the volume of deposits.

The Buffalo clerk who used his employers' funds and made a handsome fortune for them is hardly to be commended, though he may get promoted.

The more Wall Street trembles and grows white around the corners of the mouth, the gladder the great and abounding west becomes.

The destruction of fish at Kansas City by the flood was very great. The fish were boneless cod, smoked herring and canned salmon.

Notwithstanding all the talk of removing the man Bristow, Bristow is the man who seems to be doing most of the removing.

Pius X says he will miss his country walks and miss the sea, which means that he will remain a prisoner in the Vatican.

Two billions of dollars shrinkage must leave quite a big hole in the pockets of the inflation victims.

FORTUNE RUINED AND VANISHED

It was the day of my deepest despondency, closing with a dark outlook that promised only disaster. All had gone wrong. The requested raise in my salary had been denied, my child, both sick, had gone from home under our physician's advice, at great expense; that same physician's bill, for over a hundred dollars, was in my pocket, unpaid; rent was past due and my little unpretentious flat, and I had issued a check that would draw my last dollar from the bank.

"What am I to do?" I asked myself, as I tossed on my bed at midnight. My mental tortures were added to by a distressing headache and a most rebellious stomach. I thought of my sick wife and child, and with every thought it seemed as though there came to me the deep voice of a great bell, ringing out the word "Money! Money! Money!" I could endure it no longer. I sprang from my bed, dressed, and hurried into the street, hoping that fresh air and exercise would induce sleep. I passed the bank where my last check had gone to destroy the remainder of my small account, and turned the corner into one of the darkest streets.

The exercise was affecting my stomach, and to rest my aching head I stepped into a vacant lot through an opening in a high, dilapidated fence.

For a few seconds I stood with my head against the rough boards, when I heard the sound of purring feet. A man passed, running rapidly, and threw something that fell near me. A few seconds afterward several other men went running in the same direction.

"What did it mean? What had the man thrown in the lot? I stopped and cautiously raised a strong paper bag that was quite heavy. I stepped to the opening in the fence, where some light from a lamp across the street entered, and examined my find.

"Money! It is money!" I said, half aloud, when I saw great packages of bills that I knew must count into the thousands of dollars. "My money! My money!" I was startled at the thought. I felt as though I was guilty of a crime. No one was in sight. I hurried past the bank and into my home.

"The bank!" I whispered. "It must have been robbed, and the thief in his flight threw the money away, hoping to return and find it when the pursuit is over. He will not find it. It is mine."

I saw that the doors were locked and the shades down, and then I counted the bills. Forty-two thousand dollars! I could pay my debts and have ample means to restore my wife and child to health.

"I possess a fortune," I said, and then I tried to sleep. Sleep did not come, but a question that seemed to be written in letters of fire appeared before my closed eyes. "It is my money?"

The bank had lost it without my fault, the thief was not entitled to it, and fortune had placed it in my hand. Thus I argued, and tried to sleep. The thought, "I shall tell my wife and child how I got the money?" I asked myself. Then I felt more wretched than at any time before. "I will return the money to the bank," I said with the thought.

After a moment the vision of my terrible poverty was stronger than before. "The end justifies the means," I said. "A little deception before wife and child will only be a slight stain on my conscience. Yes; that is the way I will have it." Then I tried to sleep.

"Auss! I live a lie all of my life!" I asked. "Must the getting of this foundation of a fortune remain a secret with me? No! It would be a living torture. I will not make a slave of my soul."

Then for the first time the thought of a reward for the return of the money, that was something. That would be legitimate. I determined to return the money to the bank in the morning, and then I slept.

The sun was high when I awoke, and I at once hurried for my morning paper to see what reward was offered for the return of the money. Not a word did I find about a bank robbery, but on the first page, under startling headlines, was an account of the midnight of a counterfeit den, which said:

"Four of the men found in the room when the officers broke in the door were at once arrested, but the fifth man leaped through a back window and climbed down a fire escape, carrying a large paper bag, which evidently contained counterfeit money. He was pursued for more than a mile, but succeeded in making his escape."

The Catnip Man.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"It's pretty near time for the catnip trouble to start up again," the suburban conductor remarked to the other man on the platform.

"The catnip trouble?" repeated the other man. "What's the 'catnip trouble'?"

"Oh," explained the conductor, "out where my car runs catnip grows all along the track—there's a pretty near a mile of catnip out there. Several years ago I brought in a little bundle and gave it to one of my neighbors for her cat. She parceled out that catnip and sent the bundle to all the other people who had cats; and they tell me that the cats nearly lost their minds over that fresh catnip. Most town cats, you know, never get any catnip except this old, dried stuff from the drug store. It's pitiful, isn't it? I suppose lots of nice cats have lived and died without ever tasting a bit of fresh country catnip."

"Well, pretty soon some of the other neighbors began asking me to bring them a little bundle of catnip, and the thing rolled up until now I run a big catnip business all summer—without a cent of money in it, either. I had to have my cat make a list of my catnip customers, and I take them in turn—half summer long until cold weather comes."

"The story has got out on me, too," continued the conductor, looking a trifle sheepish, "and some of the other men call me 'Old Catnip,' and they call my car 'The Catnip Car.' But, Jiminy, I don't care. It pleases a lot of women and pleases a lot of cats, and by crabs, I'd rather please women and cats than please most of the men I know. Yes, I smell of catnip all summer long; but what's the difference—it's a good, clean smell, catnip is."

Firmness.

The woman was adamant. "I insist," she cried, "I insist upon wearing the what-d'ye-call-it in this family."

The man took a last desperate stand. "I'll be hanged if I keep the suspenders buttoned on for you," he howled in a clear, falsetto voice.

After all, the man dearly loved his wife, and hadn't he once tried to wear a belt himself?

Retribution.

"You have only twenty-five boys at your school, I'm told, professor?"

"Yes, ordinarily, but they were double last week."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, they raided a neighboring garden patch and stole a lot of cucumbers."

Terrible Youth.

Ernie—Yes, mamma wouldn't have the young man calling.

Rhoda—Did she detect liquor on his breath?

Ernie—Worse than that. She detected cloves.

A Natural Inference.

"You have read the story of 'The Forty Thieves' of course?"

"No; I take very little interest in politics."

Thought So Himself.

"And she didn't get mad when her husband called her 'fool'?"

"No. She married him, you know."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Fairview will celebrate in two weeks. The Orient is the germ.

El Reno doesn't intend to do without amusement. It will have a new opera house shortly.

Italy may be all right, but you never hear of an Oklahoma man weeping and deploring an office.

El Reno declares that it is to have the Rock Island freight division. This warrants a celebration.

An "early closing" movement has struck the groceryman of El Reno. Ten have signed an agreement.

The ball has come to rest. A commercial club hasn't been organized in Oklahoma for at least a month.

Peace methods have become popular even in townsite affairs. The West Side town is getting together.

Blackwell announces that it has plenty of water. That may be attractive to railroads, but how about men?

A demand for schoolhouse news is heard. The voracious politician should give the average citizen time to digest that last lunch.

A car load of beer is said to have been shipped at Oklahoma City last Sunday. Out-of-town people had to help, however.

Geary and Watonga have baseball games that sure can carry up home runs. The two teams played last week and the score stood fifteen to seven.

If the wheat hauling lasts much longer, Alva believes she will have to adopt New York's idea for her elevators building underground.

Last week a pig was born without eyes at Fairview. Some believe it is a blinder of nature's that those in the postoffice department were not born just so.

The Blackwell News gave three lines to Emancipation day. The next thing it will be running column editorial endorsements of Governor Ferguson.

Judge Mueller has this month in a magazine printed at Denver an illustrated article on the allotment of Indian lands. The subject is handled in a masterly manner.

Bob Neff is so mad over that attack on Tom Hendon that he has taken down and join in the battle. If he does, the Eagle wants a picture of the two knights in full armor.

It has gotten to the place where Kansas towns are citing the progressiveness of Oklahoma towns in the way of improvements. Once in a while a bright child can give a man pointers.

The worse blow the rival towns on the Choctaw and Origin are giving each other reads like this in some cases: "She's temperance and has to haul her drinking water three miles to town."

Arapaho Res: A lady who makes a hobby of poultry raising in Arapaho has a hen whose sagacity is attracting the attention of psychologists all over the territory. The hen has made insurance of this hen's intellectual powers occurred some weeks ago, when her brood of chicks was about ten days old. The lady was busy with her housework, when the hen, greatly excited, flew into the kitchen and seized the good housewife's dress by the hem, pulled her violently toward the door. The lady, greatly astonished, followed the hen, who led her out to the poultry yard, and there she saw a hawk perched upon her mistress's shoulder, and demonstrated her gratitude by pressing her head against the lady's cheek, crooning softly, and in every way possible showing her joy. The hen has ever since constituted herself the guardian of the lady's garden. She will not permit the other hens to enter the yard. When the lady goes out to pick a mess of peas, the faithful hen will stick the pees from the vines and place them carefully in the basket. She also assists in driving the flies out of the house. When the housewife takes her afternoon nap, the hen perches on a chair near the sofa and gently fans the sleeper with her wings. Large sums have been refused for this remarkable fowl.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

McPherson has a beautiful jail park. Now, don't all hoboes appear at once.

Liquor can't be sold even at a drug store at Dexter. Here is a model for Topeka.

The water has come and gone again, and still Durbin hasn't his reservoir constructed.

Pen and ink recommendations are valuable in the west. But every man is given a trial.

The Kansas State Fair will be held at Hutchinson September 11 to 15. A good one is promised.

El Dorado is considering a sewerage system. It can't afford to be without one, that is very certain.

The joints were raided the other day at Hutchinson, but as yet no deaths from thirst have been reported.

That one Mexican in the Kansas penitentiary should be good long enough the next time he gets out to get a companion. An El Dorado boy saw his first saloon sign in Chicago last week. They don't have signs in El Dorado; they don't need them.

A skull has been dug up at Hutchinson. It is declared to be that of an early-day politician; the skull is abnormally large.

The Emporia Gazette announces the first appearance of hay fever for August 15. Hay fever is almost as fashionable as appendicitis.

Emporia Gazette: How sad. An east side girl is crushing him too hard and he is going to play quins unless she puts on the soft pedal.

One Wellington grocer advertises seven-ten breakfast foods. An orderly crowd of determined men have surrounded his store, and he is crying in fear.

If some one doesn't go into the travel-shed pearl hunting business, several Kansas editors will. Politicians declare that would pay some of them.

A big wheat yield and the game Stewart will probably succeed in securing a bumper crop. Two farmers of that name hold the record for Kansas.

One Jontier at Hutchinson called up the officers after the raid and told them they had oversteered the boat of love. And yet he expects the people to sympathize with him.

It is reported that the county commissioners of Sumner will not recognize the present county attorney. Burnette might try to counteract it. It's hard to tell who is right.

Winfield Free Press: "It is reported that Governor Bailey will pardon Jesse Morrison out of the penitentiary at the close of the year, by request of his wife. We thought the joints at Winfield had been closed."

Salina Journal: The story that is being told by Ralph Paxson, Senator Long's private secretary, that an automobile in which the senator was recently riding broke down and the senator had to get out and walk, won't be believed by those who believe that Senator Long is the most expert machinist in the state and has supreme confidence in his ability to fix things.

Geo. Innes & Co.

"WICHITA'S LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR STORE."

TODAY==FAN SALE

For less than one-third today is the way you can buy Pretty Austrian and Japanese Fans made with fancy carved wood and ivory sticks. Worth 85c. Today..... **25c**

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The prices on all Coal were largely increased August 1st And well informed coal men say it will go still higher. Gas for cooking at \$1.35 is far cheaper than coal. Gas Ranges sold at cost and connected free.

Wichita Gas, Electric Light & Power Co.

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For 50 Cents

This week we are selling All Wool Zebelines, 38 inches wide. These come in black, gray and new shade of green. Per yard..... **50c**

Black Mohair Dress Goods

Silk finish, 45 inches wide. This is a good dollar value and is sold many places at \$1.25; pure wool, guaranteed not to crock or turn brown. Per yard..... **75c**

Brocaded Worsteds

Black Brocaded Worsteds Dress Goods, 42 inches wide. This is a 75c value. Sale Price..... **39c**

Summer Bed Comforts

One Case Nice Light, Full Size Silkoline Bed Comforts, filled with pure white cotton. Sale price..... **\$1.00**

SHOE DEPARTMENT

If you want good Shoe Values, don't fail to visit our Shoe Department. There are special prices here this week.

Old Ladies' Cloth Buskins

Sixty-eight Pair Old Ladies' Wide Cloth Buskins. Sale this week..... **29c**

Men's Slippers

Men's Imitation Alligator Slippers, good widths. Sale price..... **59c**

TINWARE SPECIALS

One-Half Gallon Tin Cups.....5c Pint Cups, 2 for.....5c
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Crum Tray and Scraper.....10c Comb Case with Mirror.....10c Muffin Pans.....10c
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One Case Solid Black Calicoes. Today per yard..... **2c**

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